

Finally Home by alexislord

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Summary:

Jim and Joyce got married and are moving in together, which means Eleven and Will finally get to spend time together and have a nice sibling bonding time.

Finally Home

Hopper and Jonathan had spent the whole day moving boxes in and out of the Byers' home. Jim and Joyce tied the knot recently in a small ceremony at the courthouse, only attended by their closest friends and family. And, after a rather short argument, Joyce had convinced Hopper to move into their house, instead of buying a new one.

Despite the trauma and sheer madness that always seemed centered there, Joyce really loved her home. They had owned it since she and Lonnie had gotten married, when she was pregnant with Jonathan. She had watched him take his first steps in the living room, measured the boys' heights on the door jam of the bathroom, and Joyce had almost given birth to Will there, when the boy decided he was ready to come a little earlier than expected. It had bad memories too, with Lonnie, Will's disappearance, the demogorgon, and sickness after. But the house truly was Joyce's home. And it always came through for her.

Hopper agreed as long as they could make some changes, which Joyce was happy to do to keep her secluded place on the outskirts of town. With Hopper came Eleven, but the Byers' house only had three bedrooms: Joyce's, Jonathan's, and Will's. Obviously, Hopper would be joining Joyce, but Joyce felt like Jonathan and Will were too old to share a room together, and didn't want Eleven to have to share either. The girl had been through enough in her life. She deserved some space and freedom.

So Hopper and Jonathan had gotten to work, turning the shed into a small apartment for him, even putting in a bathroom. Will stayed in his room, with Eleven moving in down the hall from him. Will knew he'd miss Jonathan and it'd be a little weird not having him right there, but Jonathan had given Will a new super comm and had gotten one himself, in case Will wanted to talk to him when he was out back. Will hugged Jonathan super tight that day, his bright grin contagious.

And Will couldn't have been happier. He loved seeing his mother happy, after so many years of watching her fight with his father, or

alone, insisting she didn't need anyone but her boys to be happy. He was happy that Jonathan was getting more freedom and space, knowing it was what he craved, even if he loved Will and would always be there for him.

Most of all, though, Will was excited about the prospect of Hopper as his stepdad and Eleven as his sister. He and Hopper had really bonded over the past year, as he came to his doctor's appointments with Will and his mom, and checked in on him by dropping by the house. Although, since Will had caught Hopper kissing his mother goodbye one night, Will wasn't sure all that was totally about him. But once he knew everything that Hopper had done to help him stay safe in the hospital and after, Will thanked him profusely and knew he was going to be an amazing dad.

Really he already was. Eleven clearly loved Hopper, and Will could tell the feeling was mutual. They were stubborn and sweet together, and Will could have easily been convinced that Eleven had always been Hopper's daughter, their family rhythm matching the Byers' beat for beat.

So, while Hopper and Joyce put their room together, and Jonathan and Nancy got Jonathan's stuff into his new place out back, Will knocked on Eleven's door. It was open, but he didn't want to intrude without permission. Eleven turned to see who it was, and smiled when she saw it was Will. He smiled in return, so excited to get to know her. From all the stories he'd heard, Will was in awe of Eleven. And he knew Mike and the guys really loved her (Mike more than any of them, obviously).

And Will remembered bits and pieces of Eleven talking to him when he'd been in the upside down. His time there was blur of feelings, mostly fear and desperation, but the things Will could recall the easiest were the glimmers of hope. When he finally figured out how to communicate with his mother, when he felt like his friends might have heard him singing, strange as the idea of that was, and when Will had seen Joyce through the membrane on the wall of his house, spoken with her directly.

All of those things bolstered him, helped Will get through the inhospitable upside down. But he also remembered Eleven speaking

to him in the clearest voice he had heard since being taken to the upside down. She spoke to Will, told him they were going to save him, that he just had to hold one. Eleven finding him had led his now parents, Joyce and Hopper, to him to save him. So, despite her power and quietness, Will felt comfortable with her, safe with Eleven around, and connected to her inexplicably. So finally being able to spend some alone time with her and get to know her better was just one of the many blessings happening in his life.

“Hi, Will,” Eleven said simply, waiting for a response.

“Hey Eleven...” Will started confidently, but then faltered immediately. “Or...Jane now? Or El? Sorry, I didn’t even think about...what was best to call you, you know?”

Eleven chuckled under her breath. “Jane is for school. My friends say El. Eleven is fine.”

Will nodded, happy she wasn’t mad at him for not knowing. He should have asked Hopper earlier. Although, were they friends? Will wasn’t sure if he counted, since they hadn’t spent much time alone together. Or together too much at all, actually.

“Right, okay.” Will paused for a moment, trying to compose himself, but Eleven cut off the silence.

“Did you need something?” Eleven asked, and Will started shaking his head immediately.

“No, no, I was just coming over to see if you needed any help. But clearly I’m disrupting your system here, so...”

“Disrupting?” Eleven asked, not sure what the word meant.

Will mentally face palmed. He clearly wasn’t great at making friends. “Umm, it’s like messing up, uhh, or stopping something?”

He tried to explain, but wasn’t used to the practice, so Will cast his gaze down to his shoes, defeat written on his face. It was probably best if he just went back to his room.

“No, you’re not dis-rup-ting,” Eleven reassured him. “I’m just trying

to find a place for everything.”

Will took a look around the room at Eleven and her things. Clearly she didn't have enough items to fill the room. She hadn't had much in the way of possessions in general, and Hopper bought her what she needed, but was a fairly minimal guy himself. So Eleven only had a few boxes in the room, most of which she had emptied onto the floor and spread out the items to survey them. She looked a little lost at all the space as she scanned over the items a few times, before looking back up at Will.

He stepped into the room and wasn't sure where to sit, until Eleven pushed some of the items out of the way with her mind. Will laughed and sat down, as Eleven smiled mischievously at him.

“That's so cool,” he remarked, still amazed by even the idea, let alone the reality of Eleven's powers.

Eleven leaned in towards Will before whispering, “don't tell dad. He doesn't like me to use them when ‘they aren't needed’.” The last few words came out in an impersonation of Hopper's lilt.

They both laughed, Will almost falling back onto the stuff behind him. “I promise I won't tell,” he declared.

Eleven raised her eyebrows at the word, but smiled and spit into her right hand. “Spit swear?” she asked, extending her hand out to him.

Even though he thought they were gross, Will followed suit and they shook. He bet she learned that from Lucas. He always wanted to get spit involved. Will wiped his hand off on his pants, trying to be subtle, but Eleven noticed, as she wiped hers on the floor.

“I know, it's gross, but kind of fun,” she said, her face growing into a half smile.

“I prefer pinky promises, but spit swears work, too.”

“Pinky promise?” Eleven asked, holding up her pinkies on each hand, and looking them over.

“Yeah! You take one of your pinkies and the I give you mine, like the

spit swear, but we just link pinkies and don't spit. Less gross and still official," Will finished, smiling at her.

Eleven immediately held out her left hand pinky, and Will linked his with hers, squeezing a little before letting go. Eleven thought about it for a minute before saying, "I do like that one better. Thanks Will."

"Yeah, happy to show you," he said. Being thanked made Will uncomfortable. He never felt like he deserved it, so he started looking around at the items around him. Eleven still looked a little lost as to how to put her room together, so Will scanned the items, trying to find something to put away.

"I like to put my figurines and stuff on my window sill," Will said as he looked, finally locating a dinosaur behind him. He picked it up and pressed the button, hearing a familiar sound.

"Hey, this is Rory! Did Mike give him to you?" Will asked, looking up at her, excited.

Nodding, Eleven looked down a little, flustered by the mention of his name. "Mike showed me Rory when we were at his house once. He said he wanted me to have something in my room to remind me of him."

Eleven got up and grabbed Rory from Will, walking him over to window sill, and putting him right in the middle, before she pushed the button and smiled. She turned her gaze to Will, still smiling, and said, "he looks great there, like he's home."

Her words almost made Will cry, touching him deeply. The warmth in her tone made it sound like Eleven was referring more about herself than to Rory. He would have run over and hugged her, but Will didn't want to scare her off. So, right now, he was happy with just the sweet smiles shared back and forth.

They spent a while putting away Eleven's stuff, playing with some toys she had, and talking about things they should get her for the room, like some posters for her walls. Will learned that Mike had given her a super comm for Christmas, Dustin has gotten her some anatomy books and given her some of his comics, Lucas had gotten

her some action figures, and Max had gotten her a helmet with an '11' painted on it, presumably to teach her how to skateboard.

After a while, it was time for dinner and they all took a break to eat together. The table was full and a little chaotic, but Will loved it and smiled through the whole meal, as Hopper and Eleven bickered, Nancy and Jonathan flirted silently, and Eleven passed Will the butter with her mind, smiling at him, while no one else noticed.

Having finished up the dishes with his mom after dinner, Will returned to his room, heading straight for his desk to work on his drawings. Drawing was definitely his favorite thing to do, calming and creative, and Will was hopeful he could go to art school when he was older. He got in the zone, drawing some scenes from their most recent Dungeons and Dragons campaign, not hearing Eleven enter the room.

She walked over to him silently, hovering for a moment, before asking, "what is that?"

Will gasped and pulled his arms in close, almost falling out of his chair in surprise. He breathed heavy, and Eleven backed up, eyes wide.

"I'm sorry, I scared you. It wasn't on purpose. I will knock next time," Eleven said, turning to leave, clearly embarrassed.

"No, Eleven, it's okay!" Will said, getting up quickly and grabbing a chair for her to sit at his desk with him. "Come sit, I'll show you."

Eleven just looked at him for a moment, not responding, still believing it was better for her to just leave. But Will looked at her with such kindness, that she decided to return, sitting where he made her a place. Will smiled to himself, happy that he'd made her feel comfortable enough to stay.

"Which one were you asking about?" Will prompted, looking over the drawing he'd done. It was their party fighting against a group of centaurs. Eleven pointed to one of their enemies and tapped on it, looking at Will curiously.

“Oh! That’s a centaur. They’re half horse and half man. Mike had us fight some in our campaign recently.”

“How do they exist like that? What made them half and half?” Eleven asked, genuinely confused by the idea.

Will thought for a moment before responding. “I don’t know, actually. Mike has all the books and Dustin knows the most about them. This and magic are what I mostly contribute.”

Eleven nodded, staring at the drawing. Will wondered if she had more questions and wasn’t asking because he hadn’t really answered the first one, or if she was just thinking. Maybe she didn’t want to be in here anymore? But Eleven didn’t get up, so Will figured he’d just keep drawing, her sitting with him.

After a minute of him doing some shading and redrawing some lines on the centaur for what felt like the millionth time, Eleven spoke again. “You’re very good at drawing.”

“Thanks!” Will responded, the compliment really meaning something to him. Sure, his mom and his brother and his friends all thought they were good. But they all had to say that because of their relationships with him. Eleven spoke the compliment as if she was stating a fact, and Will was sure she wouldn’t have said it if she didn’t mean it.

“Do you draw?” Will asked.

Eleven shook her head. “I can draw stick people. Nothing like this.”

“I could show you how! If you want...although I’ve never taught anyone, so I might not be good at it.” Will started with exuberance, but lost steam, getting caught up in his own thoughts and hang ups to sustain his initial confidence.

But Eleven turned quickly, looking at him with wide eyes, like he had just offered her the world. “Really? Please show me.”

“Okay,” Will said, reaching down under the desk to get out some clean paper and supplies for Eleven, and made room for her on the table. “What do you want to learn to draw?”

“A house,” Eleven replied. “Our house.”

Will smiled, enjoying the sound of ‘our’ in Eleven’s voice. “Yeah, we can do that. Let’s start with the ground line.”

And, for the next few hours, the two sat at Will’s desk, Eleven working on her house, receiving pointers from Will, while Will colored the pages for his campaign. They stayed in Will’s room working, making jokes and enjoying each other’s company for so long, that Joyce had to come in to tell them it was time to go to bed. They had school the next day and she didn’t want them too tired.

Both nodded, and Eleven stood to leave, but turned back and gave Will a hug. He was surprised, but it was so quick that Will didn’t have enough time to hug back. “Thanks for showing me how to draw.”

“Of course! Any time you want, Eleven.”

She turned back before she got to the door, looked Will in the eye and said, “call me El. That’s what my friends call me. I want my brother to do it, too.”

“Okay, goodnight El.”

“Goodnight, Will.”

After the door closed, Will wiped a joyful tear from his eye, thinking this might be the happiest he’d ever been in his life. He had been pretty sure having a sister was going to be the best. He was right.